JOHN BULL, *July 3rd, 1915.*

"NOW is the Watchword of the Wise." ***See page ii. of Cover.***

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII. No. 474 | SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1915. | ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

A 071220

For meaning of this number see page 24.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Largest Circulation of any Weekly Journal in the Kingdom.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE INSURANCE SCHEME AGAINST ALL WAR RISKS.

We are giving *absolutely free of any charge whatever* an insurance which covers you against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every conceivable war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but, of course, a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the ordinary fire and accident policy issued by insurance companies does not afford any protection whatever against war risks.

We have made our insurance as simple and as comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. Exactly similar benefits are given by our sister-journal *Everywoman's Weekly*. YOU MAY EITHER FILL IN AND POST TO US THE WEEKLY COUPON WHICH WILL KEEP YOU INSURED FOR ONE WEEK AFTER ITS RECEIPT BY US, AND MUST BE RENEWED WEEKLY, OR, TO AVOID THE NECESSITY OF DOING THIS, YOU MAY SIGN THE NEWSAGENT'S ORDER FORM, WHICH WILL KEEP YOU PERMANENTLY INSURED DURING SUCH PERIOD AS THIS INSURANCE SCHEME AND YOUR ORDER TO THE NEWSAGENT REMAIN IN FORCE.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

As regards all Air Raids, Bombardment, Invasion, Riot, Civil Commotion, Civil War, Revolution, Rebellion, Blockade, or Military or Usurped Power:—

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed, or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£100
Loss of one-quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid.

Our insurance scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, or Turks, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP COUPON WEEKLY.

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this form and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue as though you had filled in the Coupon weekly, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

FORM FOR REGULAR READERS.
TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

.....

NOTE.—Every member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you MUST fill in the Duplicate coupon which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

July 3rd, 1915.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

Which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....*Newsagent of*

.....

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

July 3rd, 1915. .....

SPECIAL NOTE.—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's Form above, fill in this form and post it to us (a half-penny stamp will suffice). Inconvenience and postage will be saved by the filling in of the Newsagent's Form.

WEEKLY INSURANCE COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified above.)

Name of Insured .....

Address .....

.....

Age next Birthday .....

Date of Signature .....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name ..... *Address* .....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out above.

.....

This coupon must be signed by the insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age, by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for seven days after its receipt by us.

HAD YOURS YET?

If not, don't delay.

Cut out the Coupon opposite.

"JOHN BULL" PEN.

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 1d. stamp for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 1d. stamp for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. **July 3rd, 1915.**

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVIII. No. 474. Week ending Saturday, July 3rd, 1915. One Penny.

OUR GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of "JOHN BULL" for June 26th, 1915, bearing on the Cover the Numbers 32,684 and A00,068.

Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to

THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL,"
93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Mr. Asquith.

Many readers appear to think that because in our last issue we revealed the agitation, on the part of a large body of disgruntled political hacks, to get Mr. Asquith out of the Premiership, we are in some way in sympathy with the movement. As a matter of fact, no impression could be more incorrect. Given the present system of Government, and especially in view of the formation of the Coalition Ministry, no other man is possible for the post. We have always said that; and our only regret is that the Prime Minister is apparently growing weary of his office.

That War Loan.

Of course we wish it luck; we wish the Government luck in everything it does. But, oh dear us! Four and a-half per cent. for money which could be got for nothing—and a present of two per cent. for Post Office depositors, whose money the Government already had! Still, there is one good feature of the scheme—the appeal to the little men; which should be the beginning of the end of the tyranny of the big banks—who may yet have to disgorge those dormant balances and securities. So roll up with your applications—just sparing a few pounds for *our* little scheme.

The Editor's Plans.

The financial scheme which we put forward last week, and which will be found on page 19 of this issue, has evoked some very remarkable manifestations of personal regard. Sending a cheque for £25, one of the best known writers of the day says: "Please look on this as a tiny expression of my desire to help the man who has done more to save England from the bloodthirsty rascals and lice who infest her than any other living man." Have *you* yet applied?

Those Banners.

Several readers have told us that, although the banners of the Kaiser and his crew have been taken down from St. George's Chapel, their names and arms still remain on brass plates affixed to the wall. In this, however, they are mistaken. Such plates are put up only in the case of deceased knights of the Order, and those which our correspondents have in mind relate to the father of the present Kaiser, and others whose banners have long been removed through death, and whose memories we have no desire to involve in the recent unpleasant incident.

Ramsay Macdonald.

If the Government cannot muster up courage to prosecute this man under the provisions of the new war legislation, surely it might confiscate the various pamphlets and other publications for which he is responsible—first raiding the offices of the Union of Democratic Control—and, if necessary, of the Independent Labour Party as well. And surely he might at least be relieved from further attendance at the House until after the end of the war.

Ireland.

What is this rumour about 17,000 fully-trained men—recruited largely from Sir Edward Carson's Covenanters—being kept at home in Ulster? We know we shall get into trouble for daring to mention the matter, but we do not like the statement of the Officer Commanding the Division that he is waiting for six battalions to be raised, and that, "at the present rate of enlistment, the Division will not be ready for about two years." Surely there is a misunderstanding somewhere.

Free War Loan Vouchers.

Our readers will be pleased to notice that we are giving 5,000 War Loan Vouchers to "Bullet" competitors during the next few weeks. This week 1,000 are to be won, in addition to over 2,000 other prizes. Full details will be found on page 28. We are sure that this generous and patriotic offer will meet with general approval.

Munition Profits.

A hint to Mr. Lloyd George. Why not, instead of annexing war contract profits for the State, adopt our Clyde suggestion and divide them between employers and workmen? *That's* the way to get the goods delivered.

A Haldane Rumour.

It is said that Lord Haldane is going back to the War Office—to assist Lord Kitchener! We *don't* think.

See page ii of cover. Full particulars of our Great Free War Insurance.

The Loan's the Thing.

Everybody who has anything to spare for a rainy day, everybody who has learned how to do without as a discipline for making life's paths easier in stress and strain, should take a share of the National Government's Democratic Four-and-a-Half Per Cent. Loan. Five shillings' worth, £5 worth, £25 worth, £50 worth, £100 worth, £100,000 worth, everybody can be supplied on identical terms; the rich have no advantage over the poor. This is what nobody has been able to say of a British Government loan since British Governments have existed. Apart from its attractive terms, to subscribe to this loan is an expression of patriotism, of confidence in your country and your cause. Rifles and bayonets and guns and shrapnel and high explosive shells are essential, but unless we can make and fire abundant golden shells we shall not win through in this war as planned. Money the Government must have to carry on, and this loan should at least take us to the end of the year; by which time—but we must wait and see.

Racing.

We were personally prevented at the last moment from attending the deputation which we succeeded in persuading Mr. Runciman to receive, representing the breeders, owners and trainers of thoroughbred horses, with a view to inducing the Government to reconsider the recent drastic decision regarding racing. We have good reason, however, to believe that there is shortly to be a considerable modification of the existing arrangements, and that honest, hard-working artisans may look forward to an early resumption of Saturday afternoon sport, commencing at a sufficiently late hour to admit of their putting in a full half-day's work, getting their dinner and having the conventional "clean." All of which is as it should be.

The Kaiser's Brain.

A few days ago the *Daily News* called attention to "one of the most remarkable articles written since the war began," which, it appears, has just been published in the *North American Review*, and is written by an American doctor who is "the leading alienist in the U.S." That doctor is evidently a diligent reader of this journal in the issues of which for November 23rd last we gave the certificate of a famous physician, to the effect that the Kaiser "is suffering from paranoia," and "is a person of unsound mind." How news does travel!

Maimed.

One of life's problems is put before us by a Leicester reader; it is one that should not be incapable of solution, difficult as it is. The man has lost three fingers of his right hand, is out of work, and has tried several times to join as an Army clerk, so far without success. He argues that he can do a clerk's work, and that, if he were accepted, some clerk at present holding a pen could be holding a rifle instead. Unfortunately, he cannot induce the officials to see eye to eye with him. Willing as he is, he remains unemployed, with a wife and four children to keep, and fearing trouble over his rent. He must keep a good heart, and try yet once more—in which attempt we wish him luck.

Lord Milner.

With reference to the appointment of his Lordship to the Chairmanship of the Government's Food Supplies Committee—to say nothing of the many high offices he has held in the past, and of the numerous honours conferred upon him—may we venture to inquire whether he is not a German-born subject, and whether (and if so, when) he has ever been naturalised?

Cash Before Country.

When Jacks and Co.—in the person of Robert Hetherington and Henry Arnold Wilson, of Glasgow—became the medium for supplying iron ore to Krupps and other Germhun firms after the outbreak of the war, they knew they were playing a dangerous and a dirty game; that is obvious. They determined to risk it, and the fine of £2,000 and six months' imprisonment is the price of the risk. It is true the jury recommended the men to leniency on the ground of "the sudden outbreak of war and the consequent violent derangement of all commercial transactions," and that the Lord Justice General did not in consequence exercise his power to send them into penal servitude. But there is no disputing that they were out for making money by means they had no excuse for pretending not to know were illegal. It was a case of cash before country; as long as they made their profit, whether the ore reached Krupps or any other Germhun firm appears to have concerned their conscience not at all.

"Brum" Beauties Barred.

The men of the trams and 'buses of Birmingham have lost their reputation for gallantry. It all happens because the bosses of the 'buses, being short of men through enlistment, decided on the rare good expedient of engaging girls—pretty girls, if possible—as conductors. What happened? The men refused to teach the girls their duties. Oh, almost unbelievable idiotcy—to refuse the chance of showing a girl what to do, and to see that she did it! Why, it was an opportunity to jump at. But the men spurned it, so the girls were instructed by the Inspectors—lucky Inspectors!—and the men refused to work with them at all, threatening a strike. So the companies now have to start all over again and engage lads up to eighteen years. And Birmingham loses its coy conductors and the men their pretty playmates. Seriously considered, their action was unpatriotic and other than helpful in a time of stress. . . . But perhaps their wives were jealous.

Eviction or Enquiry?

Disorderly scenes have occurred at Shettleston, Glasgow, in consequence of threatened evictions for non-payment of rent by relatives of soldiers absent at the front. A crowd broke the door of the agent for the property, and one man who was present was fined £5, because, as he plaintively put it, he was the only one "known to the police." Councillor Wheatley telegraphed to Lord Kitchener for protection in the case of a soldier's wife and children, and received this answer: "Separation allowance cannot be increased to assist in payment of rent, and no action feasible by War Office.—Secretary of State." This appears to be an answer to a question that was never asked; it so studiously avoids the question that was put, that we imagine it to be the effort of some underling at the War Office, and not the production of its chief. Besides, it is surely "feasible" to consider individual cases of hardship, on their merits.

A Disgruntled Scot.

One of the Scots of Dundee, while exceedingly obliged to us, as he says, for many things, ventures "to take the liberty to ask that in future, when referring to those bloodthirsty swine, Hardie and Macdonald, we would call them mongrels and not sully the name Scot." Our disgruntled friend must excuse us. We do not mind calling a spade a spade—that being the JOHN BULL way—but the amenities of polite society do not permit us to stigmatise two creatures fashioned in the likeness of men as hybridised specimens of the human family. Restraint is one of the most cherished of our journalistic virtues.

Silver Bullets for "Bullets" competitors. See page 28.

Lawks ha' Mercy on Us!

"Yours Truly, J. Maclean, Head Keeper, Borland Lodge, Glenlochay, Scotland," finishes a letter which begins thus: "Sir,—You are a blaggard. Sin and frivolity is preached with the profundity and profanity of your optimosity. Your soul's precarious condition shows that you are glaikit whatever. Moloch is your God and if you could understand Gaelic I would send such a epistle that with God's grace you would deplore for mercy down on your knees and coincide for ever your awfull correspondent. I never bought it just got it lying in a railway carriage left by a passenger and thank God I never bought it willing or my conciense would burn for having promulgated the advertissement thereof. For your soul's sake repent. The Rev. A. Mackay, M.A., in whose church in Killin I am an officiating elder for six years desires me not to write to you but you deserve it. He says your book is just terrible." We are glad he declares himself to be an officiating elder; otherwise we should have thought he was an unofficiating lunatic.

Plympton Purges Itself.

Plympton, Devon, shows the way. Other districts where alien enemies are harbouring should follow suit, for Plympton's proceedings were prompt, plain, and pointed. The townsfolk have established a Voluntary Aid Detachment, and these gentlemen, hearing of a German governess in the employ of a local magnate, communicated their indignation to the District Council, the Intelligence Officer, and the Chief Constable. The Intelligence Officer at once got into touch with the employer of the governess, a lady who was "stated to have been born in Switzerland, but whose parentage was undoubtedly German." Within a day or two Plympton was relieved of her society; the Swiss House, London, is her new address, and the Metropolitan Police have been notified. The Voluntary Aiders, at the time of writing, were on the track of an Austrian, desiring his removal also, and it has probably been accomplished by now. We commend the spry method of these wideawake Devonians; it may save heaps of rioting.

Tintinnabulation.

Malta, now a base for our wounded, is a sultry spot in summer; you cannot sleep at night without a mosquito net over you and a supply of soda water by the bedside. To a wounded man lying in bed all day the heat is almost insufferable, and his torments were for a time added to by the ceaseless clangour of the cracked and tuneless bells of all the churches. There are five or six bells to each church, and one church to about every hundred people, so there was noise enough to make a Maltese cross. The Archbishop was appealed to for mercy on the sick, with the satisfactory result that all the bells in all the towns have been stopped, except for a few solitary strokes before some special services. This is good news, and if it has moved the Governor of the island to almost grovelling gratitude we can hardly be surprised. We only sigh for similar relief in town, where the bells still worry both the wounded and the well. In the country it is different. There they blend with the surroundings.

A Suggestion.

We have received several applications from our soldiers at the front for copies of the Report of Lord Bryce's Commission on German Outrages in Belgium. We have had much pleasure in complying with these requests, but why don't the authorities themselves despatch to Flanders a sufficient supply to provide a copy for every Tommy?—whose arm will surely be nerved by their perusal.

A "Mother."

Little boy Craig, of Buckington Street, Liverpool, being only eleven years old, went out to play—without permission. When he got home, a tired but happy truant, he found he had to face the fury of his mother—heaven forgive us the misuse of a sacred word! She told him to strip, she tied his hands together and bound him to the bed. Then she beat him with a strap, the leather end; and then she turned it round and used the buckle end. A doctor described the boy's wounds, on his back, shoulders, and buttocks: "The whole of the buttocks and the backs of the thighs were one mass of bruises. This large bruise mass was composed of a large number of separate bruises." So the doctor said. And what said the "mother"? "I don't remember hitting him with the buckle end. I didn't think I had hurt him so much. I had been drinking." Twenty-eight days in the second division was what the Stipendiary said. The woman should be debarred from ever touching another glass. And then perhaps her little lad may think of his "mother" without fear and horror.

Babes of Chicago.

Our good friends the German-Americans in the United States have made a mighty mountain out of that poor little molehill, the British "War Baby." If it is possible to slander Great Britain and Tommy Atkins in any way, the hyphenated Yankee is not slow in seizing the opportunity, and he can command a large slice of the American press. As if to illustrate the saying about people in glass houses, the Chicago newspapers are making a great "stunt" about the unwanted babies of that city. Two or three people are on trial for illegal practices, and it is openly printed that Chicago is full of fiends who flourish on crimes of that character—getting rid of the babies before birth. This terrible charge is backed up by columns of correspondence, practically every letter giving names and addresses of the unnatural practitioners. Tommy Atkins seems to be an angel of purity in comparison with some of the citizens of Chicago.

JOHN BULL at Khartum.

Sending us a snapshot of himself and two comrades reading JOHN BULL in the barrack-room of the British Camel Corps in Khartum—and a sturdy and well-contented trinity they look—L.-Corporal Smith says he has "read 'Johnnie' in the auld land since the commencement of his career. I naturally made arrangements with my wife to send him regularly along here, and she has done her part faithfully. Although a member of the Royal Fusiliers, T.F., London, I find myself doing my little bit in the desert of the Sudan; yet, unlike my camel, I have not got the hump. The best of health and good luck to you in your patriotic work." And ditto to you in yours, gentlemen. "Here's to all of you there, No matter where you're from, May the best day you have ever seen, Be worse than your worst to come."

Ben at the Palladium.

We dropped in the other evening to hear Ben Tillett at the Palladium, and were much struck with his change of manner and oratory. Always, in the best sense of the word, nervous, always artistic, always soulful, he is no longer the revolutionary fire-eater, but the deferential, almost apologetic, advocate of his country's cause. The great audience was profoundly impressed with his speech; and we were more than ever convinced that his proper role in life is that of the preacher—in the great church of humanity.

By the way, don't forget the "John Bull" pen coupon. See page ii of cover.

A Cricket Controversy.

There are soldiers stationed at Hayward's Heath. They belong to the 2/9th Manchester Regiment, and naturally are keen on sport in due season. This happens to be the cricket season, and they are keen on it, and the fact has caused the Hayward's Heath Urban Council some perturbation. Some days ago the Surveyor electrified the meeting by stating that the soldiers had commenced playing on the cricket ground, and "he asked for instructions." A Mr. J. Finch emerged momentarily from the obscurity in which, so far as our cognisance goes, he is customarily enshrouded, and strongly opposed the soldiers' use of the ground, holding that it was the only attraction Hayward's Heath possessed for visitors, and that its indiscriminate use by the soldiers would drive the said visitors away. Horrible thought! Thereupon a Mr. Knight worthily upheld the traditions of his name by pointing out that the soldiers were getting fit to do their bit, fighting for us, and that the Council should not stand in the way of their getting healthy exercise. A Mr. Plummer supported Mr. Finch in his opposition, pointing out how sad it would be if the pitch were to be irretrievably damaged! Luckily, the Chairman thought more of patriotism than the preservation of the pitch. He felt very strongly that the Council ought to give the soldiers permission to play. Many would be playing their last cricket in England, and the Council should, in the circumstances, feel more proud of a brown-worn pitch than of a well-kept cricket ground. Thereupon Mr. Plummer and his brother pitch-worshipper, Mr. Finch, rose and left the council chamber. The discussion petered out, no decision being come to on the matter nor on the question of Sunday play. We don't know whether we feel more contempt or pity for unpatriotic and selfish individuals of the type of Plummer and Finch.

Huddersfield Hustlers.

Huddersfield Education Committee aspires to rank among the public bodies with a reputation for light-hearted extravagance. Although at the Girls' High School there is already one teacher to every fifteen scholars, the Committee has agreed to appoint an additional teacher at a salary of £145 per annum. There is only one teacher on the staff with a bigger wage than that, and one with the same, all others being less—so the lady appointed appears lucky to secure the billet at a top salary. The appointment was made without any announcement or advertisement of the vacancy, the Chairman stating, rather loftily, "We made inquiries through agencies that have this class of teacher in hand. We do not always advertise." It is a pity, because advertising for applicants eliminates any suspicion of a hole-and-corner job. One sad citizen writes and wonders if the committee-men are equally liberal with their own private moneys. And we guess not.

The "Long Arm."

Daily Sketch.

Outside Munitions House yesterday two Rose Day girls captured Mr. Lloyd George and persuaded him to take a rose. The Minister of Munitions put his hand in his pocket and found he had forgotten his money. He was so busy with the nation's organisation that he forgot his own affairs.

Daily Mirror.

Even Lord Kitchener bought a rose when going into the War Office. As Mrs. Spicer was pinning the rose in the buttonhole, the great soldier looked a little worried. He felt in his pocket, but had no money! Corporal Fitzgerald, however, quickly came to the rescue, and paid for the rose.

Such little forgetfulnesses used to be much favoured by the German Emperor—according to the press—but the British papers no longer chronicle his amiable weaknesses.

Strayed Tobacco.

A brave woman, in hospital after a severe operation, is lying well-nigh broken-hearted because the little presents she sent to her soldier husband—tobacco and so on—have not been delivered. She sold up her home and stored things so that he might enlist; she parted with him—"the best husband that ever walked"—in grief, but yet in joy that he should do his duty. And now she says she had lost heart, because he "cannot get the only comfort he looks for," and she, having bought it and sent it, is helpless when it goes astray. She feels, naturally enough, that she is being robbed of her outlay, and her husband is being robbed of his tobacco. Here is a telling passage from her letter: "I hope the P.O. or the Government is not taking this advantage, but if some poor soldier is enjoying the smoke, perhaps a poor chap with no one to look after his comforts, I shall then feel it is money well spent." There speaks the heart of a good woman, and we wish her a speedy recovery. May she soon hear from her gallant husband, and may her next letter go safe, 'baccy included!

Asking for Trouble.

Mr. Thomas Dewhurst, of Avenue Parade, Accrington, has been fined 7s. 6d. for striking a lady. He says the lady struck him first, with a basket, and also made nasty remarks about him; but it appears to us that he asked for trouble, and got it. The lady in the case is his next-door neighbour; they met on the highway, and he remarked, "Dare you repeat what you said last night?" It was an injudicious challenge to any woman, but this one happens to be the mother of two lads at the front, another who works on munitions on the Clyde, and a fourth who is a Boy Scout—so her daring was quadruple, and she told Mr. Dewhurst, "a strapping young fellow of 24," that he was "a coward and a shirker." Whereupon Dewhurst proved himself at least a coward by slapping the woman's face. Her name is Jane Dickinson; she has every reason to be proud of her boys, and Thomas Dewhurst has reason to be ashamed of himself.

Blight at Kendal.

The iniquitous Union of Democratic Control has broken out, like a loathsome disease, in the fair town of Kendal. It seems sad to think of the lovely Lake District sullied by a pestilence, but this "Union" is quite as objectionable and probably as dangerous—if allowed to develop—as the plague itself. It simply howls for peace—on any terms, at any price, and "Peace without Honour" might well pass as the motto it prefers. Kendal has been deluged with one of its circulars, which declares in big type, "Most Devoted and Heroic Sacrifices are being made by Our Brave Fellows at the Front," and asks, "What can We do to Ensure that they will not have been made in vain?" One thing we can do is to give the Union as wide a berth as possible, and to marvel at the impudence which cites "Our Brave Fellows" in favour of its teachings.

Hard for William Thomas.

Charged with wandering abroad and sleeping out without visible means, William Thomas Harbott, a Plaistow furnace man, has been sentenced by the Southend Magistrates, "J. Wm. Burrows, Esq., Chairman, A. H. Smith and E. Van, Esqrs.," to a month's hard labour. Some people are born in luck and others never have it thrust upon them. If William Thomas had been a Germhun submariner taken red-handed in bloody murder, he would have been sentenced to Donington Hall, stuffed with table delicacies, and lulled to rest on a feather bed and a downy pillow. He ought to be born again.

Free War Loan Vouchers for our readers. See page 28.

Under the Red Cross.

Uncle Sam has received more food for thought. Dr. Alfred Meyer, Chief of the Germhun Army Supplies Department—who went to America under guise of the Red Cross, and is returning to Germhuny under his assumed name of Meyer Gerhard, as the emissary of Count Bernsdorff, to explain things about the *Lusitania*—is now proved to have whiled away his happy hours in spying and arranging deals with munition brokers and manufacturers. When he sees the von Bethmann-Hollweg in Berlin, he will be able to tell the Germhun Chancellor all he has nosed out about the military condition of the United States in case of war. They are a characteristic Germhun trinity—Bernsdorff, Dernburg, and Meyer. One has done the bluffing, the other has done the blathering, and the third has done the spying. Unk Sam may feel rather sore about many things; but, at any rate, he cannot complain that the Germhun cause has been unworthily represented under the Stars and Stripes.

Spies on Board?

Will the Cunard Company listen to us with their most favourable ear for a moment, while we urge on them to give more employment to British subjects and less to aliens? In all possibility, the safety of their boats as well as the lives of their passengers may depend on their taking the course we indicate. On one of their vessels, carrying officers in high command to the Near East, there were seven aliens, one or two of them being most doubtful customers. One, for instance, speaking German and claiming to be an American subject, suspected of strong pro-German sympathies, was nevertheless engaged as a steward and permitted to visit all parts of the passenger accommodation. On that boat British and French admirals held debate, so there was plenty of scope for the steward to play the spy, if he felt like it. Such a position should not be possible on a British ship, and the Cunard directors might well consider these things.

The Irish Way.

Although the Kaiser thought Ireland would give him a helping hand, any Germhun who happens to be in the Emerald Isle knows that the only lift he would get is from the foot. Quite to the point is the story of the Germhun who held the licences for hotels and bars on an Irish railway line. The directors, in spite of protests, were in no hurry to get rid of him—"you might as well," we are told, "whistle jigs to a milestone to make it dance!" So the simple Pats set their wits to work and instituted a little thing they call a boycott. This made the man move his habitation to a country district, where he thought to be unnoticed. But, it is related with delightful unconcern, "that settled it." A gentleman of purely Irish ancestry, one Captain Moonlight to wit, paid a visit of ceremony, and—glory be! that railway line has now another licensee for its hotels. Captain Moonlight is an objectionable personage, but he is evidently effective.

Wanted, Men for the Front.

That is what the Government is shouting from the walls in tremendous capitals and appealing pictures; yet hundreds of men are being rejected for trifling defects. The case of a Claphamite, an all-round athlete, may serve for many. Swimmer, runner, boxer—the winner of numerous prizes—physically fit, age 31, "as strong as any man my own weight," he says, broad-set, and—rejected because he is half-an-inch too short. Admittedly five feet half-an-inch is not an Alpine height, but good stuff very often lies in little room, and the less there is to see the less there is to shoot at. Five feet half-an-inch ought to be a fine target for missing.

"Fed-up."

Greatly would it help on the work of the bayonet and the gun against the Bosches if the new National Government would re-consider the question of differentiation in soldiers' pay. Writing from somewhere in France, a private of the 11th Hussars (Veterinary Corps) informs us that numbers of his comrades in arms who "waited," are getting 3s. a day. "Some of them hardly know a horse's head from his tail, and we have to work by the side of them for the magnificent sum of 1s. 2d. a day, out of which is stopped 7d. for the wife. What do *you* think of it? I am just about fed-up, and so are the other chaps that came with me. We are always broke by the time we get a few necessary things; whereas the others, with their 30 up to 60 francs, can buy any luxury that comes in their way, say for tea, breakfast, etc." Now here is a genuine grievance, and it is absurd for any Government to pretend there is not. Being human, soldiers are just as prone, and just as much entitled, to grumble as civilians when they run up against what they regard as the unfair thing; the more so in this case, indeed, as they are doing the job while the civilian merely shouts "Hurrah" and sings "God save our Gracious King" at home. On the face of it, there is no gainsaying the proposition that if a soldier who doesn't know a horse's head from his tail is worth 3s. a day in the Army Veterinary Corps, the man who does is being a lot underpaid at 1s. 2d. a day. Perhaps there is a special official answer to the sum.

State Insurance *de Luxe*.

A Dalston girl clerk—18 years of age—felt queer in the throat. She went to her panel doctor, who, having had a look at it, said it was slightly inflamed and she had better take home a nice gargle, but need not stay away from the office. Ill at business, she was sent home, and then her people called in the family physician, who discovered she had tonsilitis. She declared on the sick fund of that magnificent institution the National Health Insurance, had to pay a shilling for a medical certificate, waited three days in bed for her sick benefit, and then received ninepence. She is now waiting for a farthingsworth of pins and a box of hair-curlers to balance; then she intends to arise from her pillows and attend to business with a grateful remembrance of the provision Mr. Lloyd George made for her in her hour of need. "I should very much like to know your views on the matter," she says. We beg to be excused. Gentlemen do not swear—in public!

A Grim Account.

In some quarters it is suggested that the Government should anticipate the thumping war indemnity which Germhuny will some day have to pay, by laying hands at once on Germhun capital invested in this country. A similar proposal is advanced by those who would fine Germhun owners of property in this country for the breach by their compatriots of every accepted convention of civilised warfare. There is much to be said for such schemes of expropriation, but it is unlikely that any definite action will be taken, at any rate until the close of the war. It will then be for the nation to demand compensation to the fullest possible extent for the material wastage of war, together with a substantial solatium in the way of moral and sentimental damages. The precise incidence of the burden we may perhaps leave the Huns to settle among themselves.

Bravo, Tommy!

Addressing the annual meeting of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association, Mr. Hayes Fisher, M.P., stated that there had been great exaggeration over the "unmarried mother." question, and that "not one per cent. of all our soldiers had produced an unmarried mother." Bravo Thomas Atkins, Esquire!

Our Free War Insurance. Claims paid promptly—no protracted enquiries.

WANTED—A MINISTER OF FOOD.

EVERYONE HIS OWN FARMER—PRACTICAL HINTS.

Four months ago we called attention to the perilous position of our food supplies and issued our solemn warning to the Government, urging that it should either commandeer every available acre of land in the United Kingdom in order to secure a home supply of food for the people, or come to the rescue of the farmers by means of a bounty. Following our lead, the *Morning Post* and *The Times* have also been issuing warnings; and now, driven by public opinion in the same manner as in the case of the ammunition supply, the Government have at last appointed a Departmental Committee "to consider and report what steps should be taken for the sole purpose of maintaining, and if possible increasing, the present production of food in England and Wales, on the assumption that the war may be prolonged beyond the harvest of 1916." Lord Milner has been appointed Chairman, but we beg leave to doubt whether he is sufficiently acquainted with the agricultural requirements of the country. Not one of the recognised authorities on the subject (such, for instance, as Sir Horace Plunkett, the founder of Irish agricultural prosperity) has been included on the Committee. There is also a complete absence of any of the great landlords, like the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Norfolk, or Lord Carrington; and we suggest that we should now appoint a Minister of Provisions to look after our food supplies. After all, food is as important as munitions—both at home and at the front.

A New Policy Needed.

As we have already said, all old-fashioned notions about farming must give way to the necessities of the war. Theory and copy-book rules must go by the board. And we cordially agree with Sir Horace Plunkett that "what is wanted is a courageous and vigorous policy, which faces expenditure boldly in order to secure a maximum of produce. To encourage such a policy the Government should make clear, without delay, first, exactly what it is essential for farmers to produce, and secondly, that generous expenditure upon farming will be repaid by remunerative prices." We pointed out what has to be done, and done quickly, if the country is to be saved, both during and after the war, from coming perilously near to starvation. We showed that the markets of the world, owing to shortage of agricultural production in every country of Europe engaged in the war, would soon be scrambling for the over-seas supplies of bread and meat. We pointed out that this country is dependent upon imports for four-fifths of its food supplies, and that our foreign bill in this direction would probably reach £400,000,000 in 1915. We prophesied that we might have to look forward to seeing wheat at 75s. a quarter, the price reached during the Crimean War. It has since been to 68s., but has had a temporary setback. And we quoted the Report of the Commission of 1893, which relied on the resource and courage of our race to overcome every disaster "except that of a starving or semi-starving population." Whether the neglect of our agriculture, the pressure of the Chicago wheat pit, the illegitimate profits of our millers, or the selfish grasping policy of the shipping rings are to blame, the fact remains that the cost of living in 1915 as compared with 1914 is nearly double. And all the Government can do is to assure us that the great rise in the price of wheat is not due to speculation in this country, and that it had been a source of grave anxiety to the Government some months previously, when the country was faced with a definite shortage which was now staved off. They do not tell us how it has been staved off, or what steps have been taken to keep up the margin of our wheat supplies. All they could say was that they trusted the home harvest would bring prices down still further, and that the reopening of the Dardanelles would lead to a rush of supplies into the country! Our home harvest for this year—owing to drought, cold winds and shortage of labour—is likely to be a lamentable one. The Dardanelles, for the opening of which 10,000,000 quarters of wheat for this country are waiting at Odessa, are still locked, bolted and barred. Yes, we must have a Minister of Provisions.

Stubborn Facts.

With regard to meat, it is admitted there is a great strain on the home supply and that imported meat is mainly going to feed the British and French armies. English beef is now selling at 1s. 1d. a pound alive, mutton at 1s. and lamb at 1s. 2d.—and the farmers who have any stock (small blame to them) are having the time of their lives. Feeding stuffs, however, are dear, and there has been no large increase in cultivation. Consequently, the price of meat is still on the up-grade. With regard to corn, as we have pointed out over and over again, farmers cannot be expected to take the risk of ploughing up permanent pasture and re-converting it into corn land if not insured against loss from a rapid slump after the war. Wheat cannot be grown to pay in this country under 40s. a quarter, coupled with corresponding prices for the rotation crops that have to be sown in a three or four year course to keep the land in proper heart. On the one hand, farmers have been advised to continue to cultivate in the same manner as they did before the war—on the other, to grow as much wheat as possible; one wiseacre urges them to thrash and sell their wheat in stock at once in order to check the rising prices, and another to hoard it until the new harvest comes in! We are warned to eat less meat, but unless, like Nebuchadnezzar, we are to eat grass in the near future it is difficult to see what we shall have to take its place. Farmers are crying out for the labour which the recruiting sergeant has drawn from the thinly populated country districts where labour was scarce enough

even before the war; not even the marshalling of all the tramps, guttersnipes, and anæmic clerks in the Kingdom can efficiently work our land. Presently there will be an outcry for the return of some of our country-bred soldiers in the same way as they are now being re-drafted to ammunition factories.

Yet the educational cranks and humbugs have effectively stopped the recruiting of "boy labour." Even the *Times* says: "Educationally a touch of real life at the age of 12 to 14 is of greater value in bringing out new interests, mental independence, and latent capacity than six months spent in cramming a lad with snippets of learning which he has not the mental digestion to assimilate. It would have been easy to handle the question of boy labour in such a way as to make the temporary employmen of boys, under exceptional circumstances, an educational blessing instead of an educational loss, and so to disarm the hostile criticism which the expedient encountered." And so our august contemporary now sees that "independent effort in normal times, justly the pride of British farmers, must in these abnormal circumstances be exchanged for concerted action under general direction." Just so.

No Time to Lose.

But there is not a moment to be lost in getting to work; otherwise nothing will be done in time for getting ready our land for next year's crops during the autumn—the critical period. Even if our trade routes remain uninterrupted, the strictest economy will have to be exercised to feed our millions; but what have we done to ensure even that? Is there any sign that our population are restraining their self-indulgence—nay, encouraged rather by the false glitter of higher wages and the necessity of ministering to greater physical exertions, they are consuming more than usual, added to which there is an appalling waste of army stores. Should the country find itself, through the inertness of the Government, again to have been living in a fool's paradise and be compelled suddenly to pull itself up for fear of being forced into an ignominious peace, the end of the members of that Government will not be pleasant to contemplate. Somebody will hang. And should the war go on long enough to give Germany time to build 200 or even 100 more submarines, where will our boasted security be then?

Farmers, All.

Organisation or no organisation, compulsory acquisition of land or not, there is one method of alleviating matters to some extent. The suburbs of London and all the large towns of this country are crowded with villas—all more or less provided with garden land ranging from a few perches to over an acre. Each of these, and there must be over a million of them, has its little grass plot, tennis or croquet lawn, its rose and flower beds; perhaps a few strawberry plants, currant bushes and fruit trees. They very rarely produce anything tangible in the way of food—a few lettuces, a broccoli or two, with here and there an asparagus bed—the pride of its owner—but in the majority of cases the suburban householder relies for his vegetables on the local greengrocer, who himself has to journey up to Covent Garden at four in the morning to get his supplies. Of course, in normal times this is not surprising, as they can be bought more cheaply than they can be produced by the private grower, and large quantities are not as a rule raised locally. But in these days the owner of every plot that may be dignified by the name of garden should tear himself away from the pleasure of tying up his sweet-peas and spending his Sundays in a hammock chair on a shady lawn, and dig it up ready for potatoes, artichokes, carrots, beans and other useful vegetables to be grown in 1916. After all, there are no boys to play tennis this year, and the girls have no desire to waste their time on it without them.

Undertaken universally throughout the country, such a scheme would mean the cultivation of at least 500,000 acres now devoted to pure pleasure. Germany has done it—why not we? We have just as much cause. The enormous increase in home production that would ensue would surprise the nation. No land in the world raises such vegetables as ours, although we *are* constantly grumbling about the climate.

Practical Hints.

Any agricultural show or village competition produces proofs that our quality is second to none Nothing need be wasted. A great deal can be done, too, in the direction of drying apples and plums in cool ovens under a very simple process. Beans and scarlet runners can be pressed and salted, and the moisture from green peas and other vegetables evaporated. The bottling of soft fruit by the vacuum process, which can be done by any housewife, is far more useful and less expensive than jam making. More fowls can be kept. Rabbits are very easily reared, and where there is sufficient space a couple of pigs would prove most profitable. The value of goats, which will thrive where no other animals can live, is not sufficiently appreciated. A good milking goat can be bought for £2 10s., and will give on the average three pints of milk a day, from which an excellent cheese is easily made. In this way every suburban householder can, to a large extent, supply himself with food which would prove infinitely cheaper than the prices which are bound to prevail, and there can easily be arranged a co-operative system both for buying appliances and seeds and for disposing to the best advantage of any surplus of production.

Official Precedents.

After all, the Government have already bought the available sugar supply at nearly double the normal price; bankers, traders and ship owners have been guaranteed. Then why not our farmers —why not our daily bread supply? If we can keep a great Navy to protect the ships which carry our foreign food; if we can insure the ships; if we can nationalise the sugar supply, and if we can insure bankers and merchants against special war losses, surely we can guarantee our farmers against any loss through growing sufficient wheat to secure the people's food.

Reader, the first remedy lies in your own hands. Now get busy and apply it—or the Minister of Provisions will be after you!